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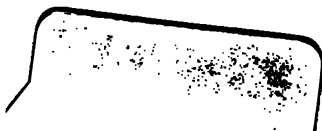
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VILLAGE  
POEMS



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# VILLAGE POEMS.

BY

R. S. R.,

THE AUTHOR OF "INSTAURATION."

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## VILLAGE POEMS.

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### FIRST TIDINGS.

#### I.

THE bud yet sleepeth in the fold,  
Where treasured in the closing year,  
No signs of breaking from the prison  
To be unrolled ;  
Not yet the emblems have arisen,  
The earliest tokens that appear,  
From slumber in the mould.

The wind that bloweth from the south  
Bears not the tidings from her mouth,  
That hitherward her footsteps press.  
Not yet unto our hemisphere  
Hath come the beauteous dawn serene,  
The wakening of nature here  
From torpitude to consciousness,  
With the renewing of her forms,  
And taking youthful looks,  
With change of aspect, change of scene,  
Bright'ning of hues and of the green,

When skies delight and sunshine warm  
When sweeter sing the brooks,  
Because of air being pure and light;  
When charmed all things we see  
Or hear and feel, and we  
Are charmed in feeling, hearing, sight.

## II.

Yet tidings, tidings here  
Of her approaching near  
Unto our hemisphere,  
Though earth has not the news:  
'Tis by the coming Muse:  
'Tis whisper'd in my ear:  
It is this heart that tells,  
By its throbbing and its swells,  
The waking of its powers,  
It taking to the wing,  
The dawning of the spells:  
The tidings of the Spring,  
With the unfolding hours

## INVOCATIONS.

## I.

O THOU of sacred fire,  
That tunes the heavenly lyre,  
And guides the angel hand,  
Whom angels so revere,  
Pour in thine essence here,  
O guide, control, command!  
O thou celestial form,  
Celestial visitant,  
Let thy seraphic flame  
Be here applied, and warm ;  
Thine image fair imprint,  
And then inscribe thy name.  
O thou so pure, refined,  
Develope the desire,  
Mould to thy will this mind,  
And then bring ever higher.  
Thou fair and true, divine,  
Endow and make me thine.  
Blest angels wait on thee,  
Wait thou, wait thou on me!

## II.

Thy vital juices send  
The whole throughout.  
And buds of thought extend

To blooms of loveliness,  
Each stamped with thy impress,  
With gay leaves all surround,  
And yielding out  
Sweet perfume all around;  
And pour in at the roots  
That all may come to fruits.

## III.

The fruits of thine own growth,  
Those formed by thy care,  
Perfect and luxuriant both,  
And delicate and rare ;  
Because their nourishment  
Is borne by thee, and sent  
From fairer clime than this,—  
The clime of thee and bliss.

## IV.

Through all breathed on and fanned,  
And tenderly caressed,  
And dandled by thy hand,  
And delicately pressed,  
The blossoms and the leaves,  
The fruits as they expand,  
While all delighted heaves,  
Though sad and lowly grieves.

## V.

Assiduous in thy charge :  
When panting with desire,

Then dost thou all enlarge,  
And pour thy sacred fire ;  
When barrenness appears,  
And rise the gloomy fears,  
Thou comest in thy charms  
To dissipate alarms.

## VI.

Thou, with deep searching eyes,  
Piercing unto the skies,  
And with the highest sense,  
Bringing materials thence ;  
Thou, with prophetic mind,  
Surveying all behind,  
Behold'st the dross refined,  
Reviewing far before,  
Seest joy for evermore.

## VII.

Thy earnest gaze  
Is ever fixed above,  
While finger plays,  
Directing unto love,  
Inducing to the praise  
Of things divinely fair,  
To bring the theme to bear  
On high celestial ways.  
It is thy only aim  
To glorify the lays—  
Thy only mission this  
To lead thy votaries

To sing of joy and bliss,  
And hope, and faith, and grace,  
Of mansions in the skies,  
And seek a heavenly fame,  
And win in Heaven a name,  
And find in Heaven a place !

## VIII.

To meet not thy regard  
With fond regard the same.  
Ah ! though unbound and free,  
To look not up to thee,  
But sinful earth toward !  
Ah ! lightly to esteem  
Thy flatterings, and deem  
It lowly to attend;  
To disrespect the end  
Of the emphatic sign,  
Thy pure devotion spurn,  
And give no such return,  
Not heavenward to burn,  
And cause thee to repine,  
And justly have thy blame,  
But ah ! to cause thy sigh,  
And gloom to shade thine eye !

---

## A DREAM.

## IX.

BESIDE a stream,  
Reclining on the sward.  
It was a land unknown,  
Than this a fairer clime,  
Superior, and sublime,  
In aspect, prospect, scene ;  
With virgin mould,  
And sands of gold,  
And delicate the green ;  
Transparent and serene  
The skies, and moved between,  
Withdrawing, forming shrouds,  
Still changing, pearly clouds ;  
The air delicious, pure,  
Of equal temperature ;  
The sounds that rose and fell,  
With gentle tone and swell,  
Through balmy atmosphere,  
Were different from all  
That ever rise and fall,  
And change and vary here,  
More musical and light :  
No heavy soundings there  
Of strife, and toil, and care.  
To match that radiant land  
Abode there beings fair,  
Who journeyèd by flight.



Reposing long,  
All in the golden glow,  
In perfect ease and rest,  
No longing in my breast,  
Soothed by the brooklet's flow,  
While tones of song  
Would faintly come and go,  
No messenger appeared.  
At length a strain arose  
That came in equal flows,  
Increasing louder still,  
Until from every hill  
Resounded the sweet strains,  
And rolled along the plains,  
And then was visible  
Far off a little band.

Nearer, nearer, nearer,  
And the singing clearer,  
Increasing still in size,  
Till overhead,  
Then all o'erspread  
A mighty throng the skies.  
Oh then the music swell  
That scatterèd and fell !

Still onward, passing o'er  
In beautiful array,  
Until when middle way  
From centre suddenly  
A herald seemed to lower.

He lowered bearing slow,  
He sunk, he came alone,  
Around dispersing glow,  
And hither to me steered—  
He sunk, he dropped and drooped  
His wings, then greeted me,  
And then he lowly stooped,  
While now the company  
Recedes with melody.  
Oh what a form of grace,  
A lofty mien, divine,  
A countenance benign.  
A motion and a sign,  
Awhile looked on my face,  
And then he spake the word  
With sweet harmonious voice.

‘ The Muse,  
I come to censure thee.  
I tuned thy harp aright  
Unto the regal strain,  
And thee divinely swayed;  
Thy part thou hast not played  
So much to my delight,  
And hast untuned again.  
Ah, the devoted theme  
To hold in disesteem.  
Ah! why refuse  
For highest ends to use  
The fond endowment sent,  
And inspiration lent,

For purposes of Heaven,  
To sing of sins forgiven.  
Mine are the high displays  
Whose dictates Heaven obeys,  
And the exulting strains  
Flung on the lofty plains.  
Behold this beauteous place—  
This is the land of rest,  
    On which all journeys end,  
    To which all others tend,  
Where wearied are redrest.  
Here dwell the happy bands,  
Who, linkèd hands in hands,  
In love and harmony  
Through fields of pleasure stray.  
Look upward ever thou  
With the internal eye,  
Then thou shalt pierce the sky,  
    And the fair views observe,  
While all to thee shall bow,  
    Do homage, and thee serve ;  
Then thou the prospects trace,  
    Inscribe the image true,  
    Present them to the view,  
And win unto the ways  
Where to the beauties wend.

‘Sing thou of love and hope ;  
Of love a quenchless flame,  
A purifying fire,  
    Consuming every dross,

And every base desire,  
And never knowing loss ;  
Hope an undying name,  
For evermore the same,  
Abiding still in youth,  
A ransomed from the fall,  
A visitant to all ;  
Sing thou of liberty—  
Not freedom from the chains  
Of slavery below,  
But freedom from the pains  
Of misery and woe—  
The liberty within.  
Sing victory of Truth,  
Unconquerable, strong,  
O'er falsity and wrong,  
And triumph to attain  
The universal reign,  
And this the Paradise  
Where the dominion lies.  
Sing charmingly and well ;  
Give never, never o'er  
Until the wandering  
Are won to stray no more  
From pathway to the skies,  
To trim the aspiring wing,  
And ever making tries,  
That when the message come  
They eagerly arise,  
Here endlessly to dwell.'

He ceased, and rose and stood  
Erect and motionless,  
And laid with gentle stress  
His hand upon my head,  
His fingers on my brow,  
While now again the song  
Is heard increasing strong.  
Oh then the tender flood  
Of sentiment that came,  
As he rehearsed my name,  
And said, 'I thee endow,  
Thy theme be Righteousness,  
Hope, Love, and God thy plan,  
Ennobling to man.'  
He lingered till the band  
O'erclouded as before,  
And then he raised his hand,  
Outspread his golden wings,  
And to the centre fled.

Just now awoke,  
The vision broke,  
Beside a streamlet flowing,  
Within a silent grove,  
Where verdant foliage wove  
A canopy above,  
Around me sunshine glowing,  
Bright rays on silent wing  
That stole through opening  
A little to one side ;

And one was standing near,  
All in the sunshine clear,  
Who turned and moved away  
With slow step noiselessly,  
Just as I caught the sight,  
And faded then the light.  
Regretfully I sighed  
When vanishèd the dream,  
With visionary train,  
The speaking and the strain ;  
But more I did complain  
When passed away below  
The real one and the gleam,  
In silence, moving slow.

---

## A SECOND GLIMPSE.

X.

AGAIN, another time,  
I got a view sublime ;  
No visionary one ;  
    A real survey of bliss  
Up through the spheres from this.  
Within the calm retreat  
Upon a verdant seat,  
While reading all intent  
The page where sweetly blent  
The imagery sent  
And allegory lent,  
On coming to the place  
Where is portrayed the land,  
All quick and suddenly  
The curtains were withdrawn  
    Betwixt the earth and sky,  
    And with my spirit's eye  
I caught a glimpse of thee,  
And of the happy band :  
There I beheld thee stand  
In attitude of grace :  
Thou looked and smiled on me,  
And greeted with thy hand.

Oh then the rush of joy  
That came into my heart !  
Oh the intensity  
Of light and love ! the press  
And sway of tenderness !  
I gazed devotedly !  
I earnestly surveyed,  
And praised, adored, and prayed !  
But ah, there came a check  
From underneath, and swayed ;  
I heeded and gave way,  
Called up the evil thought,  
And bid the love depart,  
An earthly idle caught ;  
Then darkness filled the track,  
And gloominess o'erspread,  
And languor came and dread.



## RETURN OF THE LIGHT.

## XI.

THERE was forgiveness yet:  
THOUGH not the glimpse divine,  
    THE light returned above ;  
THE drawing sweet of thine  
ATTracted, raised, and eased ;  
THE sense that thou wert pleased  
    BROUGHT placidness and love ;  
CAME confidence and trust,  
    HUMILITY refined,  
    THE steadiness of mind,  
DEVOTEDNESS to thee,  
    THE lofty sentiment  
    WITH intercession blent,  
    THE tendency to serve,  
    AND never more to swerve,  
OH never to forget  
TILL passed through the dust !

---

## LAST QUIVERINGS.

O, FOR the last faint murmurings,  
The plaint of the reposing's strings,  
At the soft closing of the lay,  
When the invoking is away !  
The requiem now is in gale,  
The dying quiver and the wail ;  
But the death knell brings not regret,  
The wish it had not faded yet.

Recede, recede from earth and skies  
The dulness and the withered trace ;  
Come forth the new-born energies,  
Come forth the youthful smiling face ;  
Come verdure smiles, come bursting flowers,  
Come balmy gales with gentle greet,  
Come brightening and unfolding hours,  
Come laughter in the village street !

---

## CHANGEFULNESS.

BUT changeful yet in glance and gleam,  
And oft obscured in glooms and clouds ;  
Yet wavering the tender beam,  
Now shining forth, and now in shrouds :  
Unstable yet in principle.  
The spirit is not fluttering yet  
The habitation to forget,  
To seek a home in lane and bower,  
A walking place beside the rill,  
And make the sward a resting seat ;  
For droppeth the unwelcome shower,  
And moistened is the village street.

---

## WAITING.

UNTIL the invitation come  
To wander to the rural home,  
And the sublimer feeling win,  
And take the new and pure desire,  
We'll linger, and repose within  
The lowly home by glowing fire ;  
And tune the harp to humble lays,  
And touch the theme of simple praise,  
Still waiting for the tidings sweet,  
The calling in the village street.

---

## HOME ADDRESSES.

## I.

HOME ! granary of fond affection,  
Possession of unbounded wealth,  
The ward of care, and love's protection,  
The treasury of health ;  
The nursery of heavenly graces,  
Repose of happiness and peace ;  
Where multiply the gentle faces,  
And voices, smiles, and all increase ;  
With multitudinous recesses,  
The gaily trimmed communion seats,  
Bright alleys where the footstep presses,  
Calm solitude retreats.

## II.

Happy if with the tender pressing  
Upon the smooth and drapered floor,  
And in the easy seat addressing,  
Or loud the page perusing o'er ;  
The kindly and the friendly greetings  
That through the portals echo slow,  
The joyful and convivial meetings,  
When sweet rejoicings flow—  
Oh happy, if in thy safe keeping,  
With the voice that like music falls,  
And in the quiet chamber sleeping,  
And with the laughter in the halls ;


The inmate, the possessor may  
Find the contentment, and the rest,  
May never be allured to stray,  
And have the loving breast.

## III.

When round the home the darkness lowers,  
And all obscured the parlour walls,  
Without the objects and the flowers,  
Around the curtain falls ;  
Then are the brilliant candles lighted,  
The glowing fire is stirred and cleared ;  
And there the good wife sits delighted  
In the warm parlour cleansed and cheered,  
Watching the cheerful fire burning,  
Waiting for him who is away ;  
Awaiting her good lord's returning  
From calling of the day.  
And when she hears the well-known knocking,  
That through the dwelling echoes o'er ;  
Her heart receives a pleasant shocking,  
And swift she glideth to the door,  
And with the smile of welcome meeteth,  
With salutation and addresses,  
And in return he fondly greeteth,  
And the hand kindly presses.

## IV.

Possessed the home, with all the treasure,  
By the strangely bonded pair;



The wealth, the health, the peace, the pleasure,  
Are divided 'tween them there :  
And the inheritance is given,  
By the bondage ratified,  
A contract never to be riven  
While they mutually abide.  
And by the undisturbèd union,  
Joy abideth in the homes,  
And he gives the sweet communion,  
And he never never roams.

## V

O pleasure in the early days,  
When love is untangled  
And lightly the young spirit sways,  
When care yet is fangled ;  
When all is soft and rosy yet  
From the sweet dawn a-breaking,  
And the heart has not got dozy yet  
After its pure awaking.

## VI.

Noiseless as yet the home and new,  
But two communicating,  
Alone traversèd by the two,  
Two bosoms there dilating ;  
Still living the first sentiment,  
The earliest newborn feeling,  
And the old times of union spent,  
And eyes and looks revealing :


The first, the introducing phase,  
Of all, of all the sweetest,  
When softest light and radiance plays,  
But Ah, but Ah the fleetest!

## VII.

Advancing to another phase,  
The orb of love increaseth,  
Flow brighter and maturer rays,  
The young idea ceaseth ;  
And now new interest arise,  
The soft and fair attraction,  
And other intervening eyes  
Demand the fond affection ;  
Now comes the fondling of the hands,  
Embracing and the spanning,  
The forming of the little bands,  
The plotting and the planning.

## VIII.

Then cometh the increase of care,  
The playing and the shouting,  
Of names and gentle voices there,  
Rejoicing and the pouting,  
Until the sinking of the strain,  
When circle is completed,  
And then recurs a change again,  
The happy band is seated ;  
Commenceth then the social talk,  
The cutting and the fingering,





The graceful and the stately walk,  
And all the pleasant lingering;  
Then duties and concerns of home  
Devolve upon the others,  
And homely thoughts and feelings come  
To sisters and the brothers.

## IX.

Then tendered are the sweet requests,  
Proposals are enacted,  
Admitted are the wedding guests,  
And unions are contracted ;  
Then cometh the diminishing,  
The happy circles waning,  
And one by one the voices wing  
With gladness and complaining.

## X.

O happy loves the home endows !  
O promised unions pending long,  
Awaiting sealing of the vows  
When bonds are rendered firm and strong,  
O the sweet lingerings and delays  
Ere yet the vows are certified,  
When love is all unbound and plays,  
And bonds are slight though surely tied ;  
Communing in the draped seat,  
Traversing slow the pleasant walk,  
There holding consultation meet,  
And joined in love's confiding talk.

## XI.

O faithful in the slighter bond,  
And true, and constant in the mind,  
And of another dwelling fond,  
And sweet in fellowship and kind ;  
But Ah ! when it is ratified,  
And the possession and the home,  
With all the treasure, occupied,  
Ah, then to waver and to roam.  
Ah, when the bonds are sealed and closed,  
And everything is placed in trust,  
To break the confidence reposed,  
And fail of feeling shown at first,  
Although the home is rendered dear  
With every joy that love could buy,  
And startle in the dwelling fear,  
And cause a heart to heave the sigh.

## XII.

A sketch of home with inward scene,  
The cheery and the sad,  
The gloomy and the bright and clean,  
The dreary and the glad ;  
Joy to the unregretted choice,  
And peace and sweet content,  
Successful the intreating voice  
When callèd to resent.

---

## PLEADINGS.

THE wife sets in the parlour warm,  
The candles are a-lighted,  
The fire burns high, but by its charm  
She seemeth not delighted.

There sitting waiting thinketh she  
This fire shall all have burnèd,  
Ere he is here to share with me,  
Before he has returnèd.

Beside lay cradled in the fold  
The innocent and the new,  
The first impression of the mould  
With voice between the two.

She turneth to the baby now,  
And the expression gladdens,  
And smiles and hopes illumè, endow,  
Then all more deeply saddens.

Then muttered with repressèd sigh :  
“ Forgotten is the vowing,  
Oh, plighted in solemnity,  
Upon the knee low bowing.

Oh weary to be waiting for  
The footstep and the greet  
Among the bustle and the stir  
Upon the village street."

He comes at long, he comes at last,  
When every sound is fled,  
And all the beating steps are past :  
His brow is gloomed, his eyes are red.

She said : " If wearied of this breast,  
And faded the affection,  
So that to seek another rest  
'Tis reft of its protection ;

'If riven are the early ties,  
And broken the communion,  
O William, let these softer eyes  
Unite another union !'

He answered low : ' O, Sarah, fond,  
Let thy forgiveness seal it,  
Then the rent union this new bond  
Shall still more soundly heal it.'

---

## REPROVINGS.

ANNOYED was the home of peace  
By no unkindly saying,  
'Twas broken by no straying ;  
Yet failed it of sweet increase.

And when the void in the soft speaking  
Was deepened to a chasm,  
And then commenced the spasm,  
And came the heart ache and the breaking,

Then Edward maketh the disclosure,  
And gentle-tart reproving  
Applies to the removing  
Of discontent, to bring composure.

' That day, Eliza, kneeling low  
With thee while bonds were tying,  
I saw upon thy cheek no glow,  
But heard thee inly sighing.

' And when reseated side by side  
I only had lamentings,  
I could not in thy heart confide,  
That there were some repentings.

‘ And now when entered to the share,  
The lights are fire burning,  
The morning and the evening prayer  
Have brought no glad returning.

‘ You cannot break the bonds, my dear,  
You cannot rend them now ;  
For there is no resentment here  
That would thee this allow.

‘ Why seek then to depress the life  
By silence and declining,  
My choice, my hope, my love, my wife,  
Why blight with this repining.’

‘ Let pardon,’ said Eliza teared,  
Connect the true employing,  
Then I to thee the more endeared,  
Because of the annoying.’

---

## BROKEN TIES.

I KNEW Louisa loved to dwell  
Upon the thought of me—  
Was confident she loved me well,  
As well as one could be—  
I saw it in her eyes,  
A proof that ne'er denies.

But then a distance intervened,  
And many obstacles,  
And oft the image fair was screened,  
When other image fills ;  
And so half riven in the eyes  
Were fondest, strongest ties.

But still they often reappeared,  
And each time nearer too,  
And ever saw I them more cleared,  
And more that they were true ;  
So ventured to apprise  
Of sealing the sweet ties.

And then I got the silent token  
That they would meet in glow ;  
But most relenting words were spoken,  
Not by Louisa—no—

Then in the truest eyes  
All broken were the ties.

I know Louisa still is true,  
And I am ever fond ;  
But yet we never can renew  
The delicatest bond.  
Yet shall be joined the ties,  
But by immortal eyes.

---



## FADED HOPES RE-ILLUMED.

ALEXIS sat within a dell  
Beside a grass-entangled well.

Although all there was gloomed,  
He lingered long composed  
Until a beam illumed,  
When all and water bloomed,  
Then he his thoughts disclosed.

‘ The coming of that sunny beam,  
Delighting through inclosure,  
Has broken the composure,  
And shot within a joyful gleam ;  
E’en as the water lightens  
A sweet remembrance brightens.

‘ I started from a dream in youth,  
Shook off the melancholy,  
Then shot athwart the ray of truth,  
And won me from the folly.

‘ And then my eye just fell upon,  
Through the sweet light, one looking on,  
And in that eye another ray,  
That stole a spark from mine away.

‘ And the pure beam with that soft light  
I treasured in my inward sight,  
And formed a two-fold love ;  
Then drawing from that beam,  
And from the one above,  
I wrought another dream.

‘ With the commingling dyes  
I wrought it in delight,  
Presented to the eyes,  
And thought it charmed aright ;  
But then they could not understand  
What thing was in the underhand.

‘ I ventured to unfold  
In presence of them there,  
But felt it growing cold  
In eyes and every where ;  
They lowly said, reluctantly,  
“ We never thought of this.”  
I found it but a wandering ray  
To fade from beam of bliss.  
I only said, in calm dismay,  
A brighter hope than this.

‘ A melancholy came  
With fading of that dream,  
And past no tender gleam,  
Departed then the name ;  
Then came the heart-throb and the pant,  
And the unsatisfying want :

But suddenly the brighter hope  
    Rose beautiful and new,  
And freer, more extended scope  
    Was given to the view.  
And then I wrought, no flitting dream,  
But with Hope's light a fadeless theme,  
For all and for Olivia too.'

---

## BLESSINGS ON THE HOME.

WHEN the hours of evening close,  
And repose and slumber flows,  
In the home the members meet,  
Join in conversation sweet,  
Offer up the solemn prayer,  
And unite in worship there,  
Then they unto rest retire,  
Full of peace and pure desire,  
While soothing sleep each eyelid seals,  
And o'er the household silence steals.

Fall now blessings on the home,  
And the heavenly guardians come,  
Watch the inmates as they sleep,  
And from nightly dangers keep,  
Watch until the darkness fly,  
Then they gently tap the eye,  
Then return unto the sky.  
Oh, the mercy and the power  
That keep the household every hour!

---

## THE HARP RETUNED.

REJOICE now for the dying wail  
Has turned to hope upon the gale!  
And every chord of Nature's lyre,  
Touched by each hand in pure desire,  
Is tremulous with holy fire ;  
And all to different themes devote,  
Without discord or jarring note,  
In unison to one true string,  
Tuned by the hand of full-toned spring.

Some on the spray's touch lower end,  
Some as they up them fluttering wend,  
And some the upper distant strings,  
As poised upon their outspread wings,  
Some stepping from each to each around,  
Some stretching upward from the ground ;  
All swell the strain deep, loud, and sharp,  
And emulate on Nature's harp.

---

## THE INVITATION.

HERE from the home behind the bar,  
I hear the softened notes afar,  
On high above soft trembling down,  
And nearer in the village crown ;  
Bright sunshine glads the village street ;  
I hear the tread of gentle feet,  
And see the light and flaunting gown ;  
All bursting is the village crown ;  
And panting is the heart to warp,  
In through the strings of Nature's harp.

---

## A LITTLE IN THE GARDEN NEAR.

A LITTLE in the garden near,  
Reposing in the sunshine clear,  
Upon the verdant grassy plot,  
Or loitering through the flower-knot,  
Here let the finger touch a string,  
And with the rest a number bring.

---

SPRING WORKS UNSEEN.

SPRING worketh with the hand unseen,  
Unfolds the leaves and paints the green,  
And beautiful arrays  
The gardens and the trees,  
Then delicately sways  
With the delightful breeze.

---



## SHE SWAYS UNSEEN THE HARP.

SHE sways unseen the harp,  
'Mong trees and through the air,  
So that the players there  
All wonder why they warp  
The notes so much each one about,  
And why they tremble them all out.

---

SO WORKS UNSEEN THE HAND.

So works unseen the mighty Hand  
And souls are formed anew ;  
They cannot see the sacred wand,  
And yet obey it true.

---

## SPRING SEEN IN THE FLOWERS.

HER spirit she infuses  
Into the flowers and blooms,  
As them she blows and warms,  
And them divine illumines,  
And all their essence uses  
For the showing of her charms :  
We see her by the colours gay  
Soft blending in variety.

---

## THE SPIRIT IN THE SOUL.

So in the soul renewed  
The Heavenly One is viewed,  
The Spirit introduced  
Is seen by that produced,  
Love, joy, and gratitude,  
And every other good ;  
And every thing is used  
To show the grace infused.

---

## THOUGHT'S CONFUSION.

Like dancing myriads in  
The sunny ray,  
With buzzing, and with din,  
And idle play,  
The thoughts rush in confusion  
Each other through, amusing,  
And tenderly abusing,  
Here in the garden lying.

But like the butterfly,  
That on soft wings  
Glides through them silently,  
The sportive things;  
So through the thoughts there glideth  
A sweet thought, and abideth  
A moment, and then hideth,  
And sets the rest a-plying.

But still returns the thought  
Unto its rest  
When it is kindly sought,  
As to flower's breast  
The butterfly to try it,  
And then we fond apply it,  
While all the rest supply it,  
And it remains undying.

---

## IN THE EVENING.

LITTLE dewdrop sparkling  
And trembling on the flower,  
In the evening darkling,  
In the decreasing hour,  
Losing of thy lustre,  
But gaining still in size,  
As the shadows cluster,  
And slow the evening dies ;  
From thy first commencing,  
Unheard with softest power,  
Unto thy full condensing,  
Has fallen the secret shower,  
In which there is comprised,  
In such a compass small,  
The greater and full sized,  
As many drops and all.

---

## ON THE HILLOCKS, ON THE HILLS.

ON the hillocks, on the hills,  
Where the rarer nature fills,  
Where refined the desire  
By the warmer, purer fire ;  
Takes the heart a higher warp  
In the chords of Nature's harp.

---

## THE SUNSHINE ON THE LAND.

THE sunshine on the land,  
Bright glittering all o'er Nature's palace,  
It dries the moisture from the chalice,  
Except the dregs it foldeth,  
That it in kindness holdeth,  
Which drop at the nightfalling,  
Invisible and lightfalling,  
Descend all underhand.

Then there the dwellers pine,  
All drooping, and decline,  
The verdure, plants and souls,  
And everything it holds.

And then they sigh and cry,  
Unto the fount apply,  
And then it poureth in the chalice,  
Till overflowing it is strained,  
Diffused around in drops, and rained  
Refreshing o'er the thirsty palace,  
Into each chamber there,  
Upon the floor,  
In every pore,  
And all the dwellers share,  
Then they lift up the head,  
And with the arms outspread,  
Sing praise of gratitude  
To fountain of all good.

---



## THE VILLAGE CROWN.

THE village has a crown of trees,  
And it is now a-leaf and warped,  
And strung in full array, and harped :  
And with the players there the breeze  
Delays, and whispers, fans, and breathes.  
There underneath a pleasant walk  
The overarching foliage sheathes,  
Where dwellers pass, re-pass, and talk.  
The upper pathway to the town  
Glides shaded underneath the crown.

At morn I pass beneath, and use  
It to entice and draw the muse,  
While then the soothing influence sheds,  
And to his work the workman treads ;  
At evening hours the lovers walk,  
Endowed by it, in kindly talk.  
All love to wander up and down,  
And gaze up through the village crown.

The burial ground it half o'erbows,  
And with its shadow sweet endows ;  
The people pass each Sabbath day  
Unto the place to sing and pray ;  
And slowly underneath the crown  
The dead are carried and laid down.

---

## IN THE MORNING.

THE showers are taken in the morning,  
With all the dew drops they have made,  
And in the sunbeams safe are laid,  
Where they are all diffused  
Throughout each one, and used  
To beautify the beam,  
Where through they glow and gleam;  
And as the morning brightens  
Each blade and leaflet lightens,  
And more the sunbeams are adorning.

.

---

**OUR HOPES ARE TAKEN HERE.**

OUR hopes are taken here,  
But they are safe deposed  
Within a brighter sphere,  
Where all shall be unclosed.

---

## WE LOVE THE SUNNY WEATHER.

WE love the sunny weather,  
But then the land wants rain,  
And we would rather, rather  
'Twould come for treasure's gain.  
The rain is not a pleasant thing,  
But then the showers gladness bring ;  
And so we cherish the annoy,  
In hope to have the after joy.

---

## WHEN BROKEN IS THE CHALICE.

BUT when the fountain all is poured,  
And broken is the chalice,  
The crumbling palace is restored,  
And gone is every malice ;  
When are the elements returned  
Unto the rest, and dross is burned,  
And all the vapour used,  
Except the dregs diffused  
Into the beams unchanged ;  
And when they underanged  
Alone around transfuse  
Their sweet contents, and use,  
Unheard, invisible,  
There shall be no more rain,  
And we shall be ærial,  
And light and free, ethereal,  
Partaking naught of pain,  
And living on the dews,  
Nor shall aught want to gain.

---

**NEW WORDS SHALL THEN BE SPOKEN.**

New words shall then be spoken  
When the old tongue is broken,  
That could not frame complaint;  
New touch shall give new feelings,  
And new eyes, new revealings,  
Without the sinful taint.

---

**HEALED THEN THE BROKEN-HEARTED.**

HEALED then the broken-hearted,  
Lamenting the departed,  
And sounder for the sudden breaking;  
Rejoined the happy meetings,  
With fellowship and greetings,  
To part no more for the forsaking.

---

## THE ARTIST.

## I.

THE picture of a home, embraced  
By spacious grounds, portrayèd here,  
With every outline boldly traced,  
In light and shadow soft appear.  
The situation fine and grand :  
Unfolds a wide extended vale,  
A broad expanse of level land,  
Yet interspersed with hill and dale—  
A vale where little vales abound,  
And gentle swellings here and there,  
With groups of umbrage scattered round,  
And meadows formed irregular ;  
And drawn throughout uneven lines,  
And many an alley trimmèd neat,  
And level walks with sweet inclines,  
Ending in many a shady seat ;  
A river winds from far, a line  
Of light dilating, till it nears  
To foreground clear, where broad and fine  
It smooth and silvery appears,  
Then curves away, contracting still,  
Till lost behind a distant hill ;  
And far beyond the mountains rise  
A soft background against the skies.



Surveyèd from an eminence ;  
Enhanced the prospect viewed from thence.  
It wears the hue of dying spring,  
When blooms begin to fade and wing,  
And leaves are fully blown and set,  
But have not lost the young tinge yet.

'Twas taken by the Artist's hand,  
Who could the pencil well command,  
Who happened here one sunny noon  
When May was leaping into June,  
As rambling viewing up and down  
The hills and vales around the town,  
The village where he came to dwell,  
For which he left the city's heart,  
The tumult and the noise and swell,  
To practise well the cherished art  
The verdure and the spring among,  
With chime of nature and the song.

The village fair and picturesque,  
Antic, ancient, and grotesque,  
Upon a steep declivity,  
O'erlooking the delightful scene  
Extending fading far away,  
Hills, vallies, trees, and meadows green.  
The dwelling situated so  
As to comprise the fullest show—  
A tiny cottage neat and clean  
In the environs of the town,

Enveloped in a leafy screen,  
But open in the looking down ;  
So situated that the ray  
Falls slanting on it all the day,  
From morning's bright and rosy gleam  
Until the evening's tender beam ;  
And streaming through the verdant screen,  
Commingling spots of sun and shade,  
And throughout all a tinge of green,  
A soft ambrosial gloom, is made.

First from this arbour Frederic drew  
The landscape that appeared in view,  
And hung it in the chamber too  
With those he pencilled by the way.  
He sketched it when the evening ray,  
The silver ray made all look gay,  
When dying shadows streamèd o'er,  
All dark behind and light before,  
When rays of sunset upward flowed,  
The western border sweetly glowed.  
Completed, and the walls arrayed,  
And all with interest surveyed,  
He looketh inward at the close,  
And meditates in calm repose,  
While darken and diffuse the shades,  
And from the west the lustre fades.


‘ The pencil and the hand  
And the attentive eye

Obey the soul's command,  
And all their skill apply  
To make the scene appear,  
In hollow, plain, and swell,  
On the smooth surface here,  
As by a magic spell.

' So works the inward thought  
In union with the mind,  
When by the spirit taught,  
And paints the scene refined,  
Sweet poetry, allied  
To painting, imaged true,  
Where lights in shadows glide,  
The Artist's power too.

' Portrayed the inward scene,  
With gentle swell and flush,  
With shadow and with sheen,  
The easy flow and rush,  
Viewing through inward eyes,  
By thought's enchanting touch,  
From glowing sunset skies,  
The evening scenes, and such.

' Where the border of the sky  
All tingèd was with crimson dye ;  
Where stainèd clouds reposing lay,  
Marking where had died the day ;



'Where the west had sweetly blushed,  
Smiled in love, and glowed, and flushed,  
On receiving to embrace  
Sunset sinking to the place.

'There the bloom had faded nigh,  
And eve stooped from the sky,  
Dropping vale by twilight made,  
Folding all in softest shade.

'One sat within a chamber high  
At open casement, viewing  
The light and glow renewing,  
As lustre and the colours die.

'For now the golden moon arose,  
And one by one each star  
Shot lustre from afar,  
The softer radiance to compose.

'Now tipped all things in lunar light ;  
Reposing clouds are fringed  
In silver golden tinged ;  
And of each form is caught the sight,


'In light and shade, as through a veil.  
All hushed save the rill,  
That murmurs louder still,  
And fills the air with tender wail.

'A figure now appears below  
Advancing noiselessly and slow,  
With something glowing in the beam :  
Now motionless upon the stand,  
A pause, a movement of the hand,  
Then swelling tones of music flow,  
That drown the murmurs of the stream.

'Sometimes diffusing o'er the plain,  
Increasing still, a rolling strain,  
From being re-echoed from each hill ;  
And sometimes soft and breathing low,  
A melting strain, a gentle flow,  
Not echoed backward to and fro,  
In concert mingling with the rill.

'It ceased, and at the dying close  
A sweet responding wail arose,  
O'erflowing from a casement near ;  
But when it reached the tremulous swell  
It suddenly and sadly fell,  
Then who first struck the lyre begun  
And passionately sung,  
With voice and intonation clear.

"O night ! endower of sweet love,  
By moon-pale and by stars above,  
By calmness, and by light below,  
And by harmonious sounds that flow.



"O night! that by thy sacred dews  
The heart and it delights renews,  
When live again love's withering flowers,  
And are returned the taken dowers.

"O night! that heals the wounded heart,  
And bids resentment all depart.  
Return offended love to me,  
When love repentant flows to thee.

It ended in a tremulous swell,  
That gradual rose and slowly fell,  
Then the response awakes,  
Low, soft, and sad, with breaks,  
Emotion and with shakes.

"O love, forgiving, never spurns  
The pleadings of repenting love,  
To love returning ever turns,  
Relenting to relenting love.

"O love, obedient, love obeys,  
And ever seeketh to be sought;  
And when the weeping suppliant prays  
The lesson has not to be taught.

'Said he who sat unseen above :  
"Two ardent lovers who had jarred;  
But they have joined the link of love  
By aid of night moon-set and starred,

By music and by song combined,  
And now the knot is stronger tied,  
And their fond loves are more entwined,  
And henceforth each in each confide.

“O love,” he said, “is a magic link ;  
It may be snapped but broken never ;  
For when it meets a sudden check  
In the same line it falleth back  
To the old bias just as ever ;  
And still each heart will think and think  
Each innocent in the offence,  
And each relies on innocence :  
If any cause the bond remove,  
It is not love, it is not love.

“O pure unbroken relic left  
When other beauties all were reft,  
That still unsoilèd doth appear !  
O happy scenes that intervene  
Between the trouble and the fear,  
True images of what have been,  
Arising in succession here !”

Thus in his chamber, Frederic drew  
The inward picture fair and true,  
By thought impressed upon the mind,  
And 'dornèd it in drapery fit ;  
Then afterwards he painted it  
With brush and finger on the sheet,  
In colours and in shading sweet,

And touched it over and refined.  
He lingered sketching till the moon,  
    Low southward then, began to wane,  
And night had turned its highest noon,  
    When brightest radiance filled the plain,  
And then he softly stole to rest,  
With peaceful and with hallowed breast,  
First breathing up the earnest prayer  
For watch of Heaven and the care.

## II.

The morning dawnèd fair, serene,  
The sunlight streaming through the screen.  
'Twas early yet when he awoke.  
    His sleep was broken by a song,  
That from the shrouding foliage broke,  
    Sweet and soft, though shrill and strong.  
He rose, and dressed, the window drew,  
And gazed around upon the view.  
The morning's pure and freshen'd gale  
Stole upward, laden from the vale  
    With odour, balm, and healthfulness,  
Among the clustering leaves delayed,  
Them noiselessly and gently swayed,  
    And fluttered inward to caress ;  
And songs ascended from the brakes  
With modulations and with shakes,  
Heard clearer rising from below,  
As sounds more freely upward flow ;



And music droppèd from the sky,  
From circulating larks on high,  
Or rising or returning nigh.  
The landscape vapoury appears,  
And moist, like eyes beheld through tears,  
All trembling, sparkling, yet serene,  
And tingèd by the rosy sheen.  
All beautiful, and every sound '  
And softened murmur borne around,  
All save the heavy sounds of toil,  
And wailing voices from the soil.  
He lingered meditating there,  
Inhaling the delicious air,  
And while the choicest odours shed,  
While rolling sounds still slept, he said :

' The morning weepeth for the night,  
And night leaves morn reluctantly ;  
Each pours on each such sweet delight,  
That each with each would wish to stay.  
So slowly steals the dawning beam,  
And brightens into silver day,  
So tardily night awakes from dream,  
And glides with dewy locks away.

' O morning ! veiled, and moist, and teared,  
And haggard with the night's caress,  
We wait until thine eyes are cleared,  
And dried and warm thy dripping dress,  
And thy regretful face is cheered,  
Before we venture forth to press.

Not so when thou first fair appeared  
With the two forms of loveliness ;  
To thy first dawn they were endeared,  
And loved the dew-drops soon to press.

‘ The sweetest time, the golden prime,  
Has passed away before we rise,  
And ceased every soothing chime,  
The sun half coursed the radiant skies,  
The health breathed from the purer clime  
Falls wasted over sealèd eyes.


‘ When morning pours her chalice out,  
Pours out the balm that it contains,  
And scatters the delight about  
O’er hills and dales, and valleys, plains ;  
When no discordant murmurs greet,  
’Tis sweet to hold communion then  
With morning in the green retreat,  
At distance from the home of men.

‘ To leave the city’s troubled heart,  
And pass unto the quiet side,  
To wander from the throngèd mart,  
And in the humble dwelling hide,  
Where foliage green the curtain weaves,  
And foliage is the drapery ;  
Where chimes and rustling of the leaves  
Are heard instead of sounds of play ;  
Relievèd from the wail of care,  
From the annoyance and the smart,

To dwell alone in quiet there,  
Communing with the inward heart;  
'Tis requisite and needful, this,  
At intervals the soul to bind,  
From it derived the purest bliss,  
'Tis beneficial to the mind.  
When evening spreads her silver veil,  
To walk beneath it or repose,  
Till all is folded with the gale,  
And windows of the twilight close ;  
To wander all the silent noon,  
In copse and bower, by vale and rill,  
In thought with nature to commune,  
And in the soul her peace instil;  
To tread the lanes at early morn,  
Or mount the hill when rosy ray  
And dew-drops nature fair adorn,  
And meditate aloud, and say :

“O Nature, of the many forms,  
And changeful, of the varied moods,  
And taking many attitudes,  
Oft shrouding thee in glooms and storms ;  
But in each aspect praising thee,  
Thou God of majesty !

“The morning, day, the evening, night,  
Each circulating in their course,  
And drawing from thee, the boundless source,  
That they bestow, the sweet delight,  
In their revolving sing to thee,  
Thou God of majesty !

- “The lark that upward slowly flies,  
    Bearing from earth a thread of song,  
Uniting to the radiant skies,  
    And then returning slow along,  
With exultation praises thee,  
    Thou God of majesty !
- “As viewing with seraphic eyes  
    To point above, he, singing, wings,  
Till gained the elevated prize,  
    Then, bearing down with trophies, sings,  
Triumphantly he praises thee,  
    Thou God of majesty !
- “As answering from the brakes below,  
    The choristers with songs dilate,  
And strive with each to emulate,  
    And strains harmonious upward flow,  
Devoted praise ascends to thee,  
    Thou God of majesty !
- “The breathing gales, the hurricane,  
    The lurid lightning as it flies,  
The thunder as it rolls and dies,  
    The torrent, and the gentle rain,  
Each render 'bedience unto thee,  
    Thou God of majesty !
- “Each cataract and waterfall,  
    And rill, and rivulet, and stream,  
In one unmodulated theme,
- 

The multitudes of nature, all  
Unceasingly sing praise to thee,  
Thou God of majesty !”

So musèd he until each sound  
Began to flow and roll around,  
And to resound the morning call,  
The voices to awake, and all  
The inharmonious wails of toil  
To rise increasing from the soil,  
When dried away the morning's tears,  
The landscape bright unveiled appears.  
Then whispered he : ‘ At intervals  
The heart and hand they are employed  
At labour that the spirit stills,  
And fills with happiness the void.  
O avocations sweet that please !  
O rest, that gives repose and ease !  
And rest is work, and work is rest,  
And each by God is blest and blest.

‘ To ask for God each work to bless,  
To thank Him for our food,  
Possession, health, and home, and dress,  
’Tis beneficial, good ;  
Fresh intercourse to hold each day,  
And each renewed in prayer,  
To crown, to close, and to array ;  
To lead the heart betimes away  
From out the world of care,

And of the soul's land's sweetness share :  
'Tis beneficial, noble, this,—  
The foretaste of eternal bliss!

He stirred not from the home that day,  
But rested, sketching pictures gay,  
Until it faded quite away,  
With every beam and every ray,  
And many pictures fair he drew,  
Both outward ones and inward too.  
One spirit-picture fanciful  
Among the many fancies cull:

'Outspread a wide extended sea,  
On which conspicuous is a bark,  
Wherein there is a courser free;  
Behind all is obscured, and dark;  
Around, beside, all bright and clear;  
Before a vista curved appears  
Irregular, through which appear  
What would arouse both hopes and fears,  
A range of lights, calms, swells, and glooms,  
One through the other soften'd seen;  
But in the distance far it seems  
To widen out a field of light,  
Where streaks of golden radiance gleams;  
And somewhat raised above the beams  
A form of world with city looms,  
Of various colours, gold and green,  
That seems a mansion of delight.

See, when the bark the courser plies,  
How smoothly o'er the sea it flies;  
But when his energy he slacks,  
How then it retrogrades, and backs,  
Which shows the current backward flows,  
And the gale to the darkness blows.  
Advances he and retrogrades,

But still he gains upon the sea;  
And now he enters in the shades,

Yet with increased activity.

And now his exclamation hear,

Returned, of triumph and of fear :

'The storm o'erpassed, the light attained,

O then the breathing, joy, and flow,

And as each sweet repose is gained,

Enhanced the happiness and glow ;

And easier it becomes to fly,

The more the exertions try.

Still ever looking through the haze

Unto the high and golden ways,

Where the superior radiance plays,

And press right onward to the mark,

Nor look at self, nor look at bark,

Nor heed the light, nor heed the dark,

Yet the reversing currents know,

And know and taste the joys that flow.

'To ope the figure, this is key :

The sea is life, the bark is man,

The courser, soul, the soul is free.

Revealed and seen this is the plan :

Diversities and storms there are,  
And calms commingling on the main;  
But still a light is seen afar,  
Revealing a delightful plain.  
When worketh he, beholding still  
The rest before, proceed he will ;  
But when he loiters to compose,  
Reverses he, and backward goes ;  
The tempests and the lulls along,  
They are to spur and render strong,  
And each repose, swell, gale, and blast,  
Bring growing firmness till the last;  
By the increasing exercise,  
Still looking steadfast at the prize,  
More quicken'd are the energies,  
He with more ease and pleasure plays.

‘Still further insight to it this :  
The thought that he may wander back  
When launch'd out on the virtuous track,  
And, ay, become a final wreck;  
The certainty that he receives  
More pleasure from the work of love,  
That its increase still, still relieves,  
Are stimulations from above,  
To press unfailing to the bliss.’

An image of the evening  
Night drooping o'er with outspread wing :

‘The evening pines away, and dies,



And every gale and every breeze  
That fannèd her among the trees  
Her slowly beating spirit frees :  
Night stoopeth treacherous from the skies,  
Soft dew-drops sprinkles o'er her there,  
And wings extends as if to lend  
His aid to raise her and befriend;  
But as he stoops and still extends,  
He folds absorbing every shade,  
The soft diffusing twilight blends,  
That lingered round her, and delayed,  
Except his own distillèd dews,  
Which, through himself, again diffuse.'

## III.


From day to day enjoying here  
Sweet fellowship with solitude,  
With spirit and with nature dear,  
He tasted of the heavenly food ;  
At early day the dews traversed,  
Viewed, meditated, and rehearsed,  
Drunk in the morning's font, and laved  
The soul with healthfulness, and waved ;  
Reposed within the dell at noon,  
And found in there a quiet boon,  
But yet a boon that gave increase  
Of nourishment, joy, love, and peace ;  
And when the eve content exhaled,  
And shed the balm of quietude,

Trod o'er the valley, and regaled,  
And thought and mused in reverend mood.  
For many days his spirit bound,  
And knowledge and advantage found ;  
Of nature's pictures many drew,  
The outward and the inward too.

There is an old sequestered wood,  
A seat of reverend solitude,  
Not seen in picture of the vale,  
But skirting it where dwells the home.  
Here Frederic loved to rest and roam,  
His soul to foster or regale.  
A place of soothing and delight,  
Where all of nature's forms abide,  
Green plain, and swell, and rugged height,  
And pathways that through thickets glide;  
Many a solitary nook ;  
Throughout it flows an antic stream,  
And winds one tributary brook,  
That sometimes fall and sometimes dream.

Here some few touches of the thought  
He carelessly and lightly wrought :

' Sweet sentiments that press the soul  
Where murmuring the waters roll,  
Ye come and touch with gentle stress,  
For utterance the heart ye ply ;  
But ah ! we cannot thee express,  
Or do but faintly, and we sigh !



‘The brooklet by its murmurings,  
By silent wavering the grass,  
The gales as dying through the things,  
The many insects as they pass,  
The leaves among each other stirred,  
All speak a pure and gentle word ;  
We list, and to interpret try,  
But ah ! we cannot, and we sigh !

‘Here meek and humble solitude  
Bestows his nutrimental food,  
And of the heart it is a test :  
The good by it in goodness grows,  
To those it gives delightful glows ;  
But burns and aches the evil breast.  
To him the good should have recourse,  
And treasure from the highest source ;  
But nothing evil should intrude  
On calm and reverend solitude.

‘O sweet composing solitude,  
Although no cares around thee brood,  
And lying on thy peaceful breast  
We have composedness and rest ;  
Yet if the soul too much indulge,  
Wilt give the tone of weariness,  
And low thy secret thought divulge,  
“ Some other where must find redress.”

‘But is it idleness to muse  
With thee, and for high purpose use

The flow of heavenly sentiment,  
To treasure, and around diffuse  
With tones and modulations blent ?  
O no. Still if we too much tease,  
Thou must reveal thy pure intent,  
Withhold endowment freely lent,  
Another boon must seek to please.

‘ O feelings, that the heart entwine,  
Wrought by the whispering of the leaves,  
The wail of stream, the silent sways  
Of tendrils, and the sunny rays,  
And pensive quietude combined,  
A sweet embrace the heart relieves ;  
But in the lingering and delay  
There cometh pining and decay.’

One day reposing in a dell,  
Embosomed here beside the stream,  
Where it both dreamed and gently fell,  
Alternate thinking on a theme  
And poring intently o’er a book,  
Sweet singing suddenly awoke,  
That the impressive silence broke,  
And his composèd spirit shook.  
While all around the echoes rung,  
He took each accent as it fell  
Clear and unbroken in the dell,  
And all together gaily strung.

‘For higher ends, for higher use  
The accentations sweet are given,  
The hearts intents, the thoughts diffuse,  
Than idle fluctuations here,  
Dissolving on this barren sphere.

For purpose high the heart is riven  
Of times when at the cherished play,  
And touched to sadness all when gay,  
To press it to relent its choice,  
And turn to proper use the voice.

‘Rehearsed by all in whispers low  
The Name without similitude,  
In every song and every flow,  
Although it is not understood ;  
But though we cannot understand,  
We know the language is divine,  
And speaketh of a brighter land,  
It modulates so soft and fine :  
And all are monitors to move  
The spirit to its high behest,  
To lead the heart, the tongue to prove,  
And teach the language of the blest.’

Said he when the vibration ceased,  
As at the close it had increased :  
‘It is a song of heavenly cheer,  
And through the intonation clear  
I see the speaking voice appear.  
It is a voice that would endear,

Sonorous, yet with pathos sweet.  
And by the voice I see the mind ;  
'Tis humble, simple, yet refined ;  
The heart is gentle, although fleet,  
Containing much of nature's mirth ;  
The mind not touched with pride of birth ;  
Nor is it high born, yet replete  
With sentiments and feelings great.'  
He said still more, ' this song has strung  
A song upon my heart.' He sung :

' There are two souls whose chords are tuned  
To one equality of thought,  
That when the one is touched and wrought,  
The other to same tone is brought ;  
Who when they have by means communed,  
Each each bestows an equal part  
Of spirit, nature, and of heart ;  
A kindred feeling here is stirred,  
And seeketh to express the word.  
Endowed with fondest sentiment,  
And settled in its waverings,  
Intoned in aim and in intent,  
The spirit swells to higher things.'

He said no more, but left the wood  
In solemn, reverential mood


## IV.

That happy dwelling, fair portrayed  
In fullest prospect from the height,  
Around so beautiful arrayed  
With walks and beds, a lovely sight.  
Within it as fair and gay,  
And garnished with delight and clean,  
As neat in order and array.  
With many pleasant pictures seen.  
But most of all by happiness  
That home is rendered beautiful;  
For all the inmates there that press  
Are loving, kind, and dutiful.  
A father and a mother share,  
In fondness, sweet content, and love;  
A sister and a brother care  
For each and all, and for above.  
Enjoying perfect fellowship,  
They seldom ever think to roam,  
Except along the vale to skip,  
The inmates of that happy home.

The conversation there was chaste,  
And chimed of other land than this,  
Not idle, desultory, waste,  
But in subserviency to bliss,  
And treasured on the lofty plains,  
Where to the rising thought attains.

Renewed the talk from day to day,  
No contradiction, no gainsay,  
And hand and heart each were employed  
Between the talk, and all enjoyed.

One inmate said one eve at tea,  
    'Although the tongue has liberty,  
Yet wasted all on evil talk,  
And lost to sense, and lost to thee,  
    And lost to great immensity,  
Instead of giving to displays  
Of heavenly sentiment and praise,  
To lay up store, and lay up stock  
    On high of vast intensity,  
That never wastes and never palls,  
Ah, here's where mortal wisdom falls !'  
One answered : 'Language is the test  
    Of inward thought and sentiment ;  
And when, in freedom, it is prest,  
    Known is the false or true intent  
And the bright flame of pure desire  
    Burns through the tongue unto the heights,  
And more it's touched by the base fire  
    The more distinguishable lights.'  
'The watchful heart is never soiled  
    By sin's contaminating touch;  
The tongue, though free, is never wiled,  
    To give it's use to such,  
It loves the language of the ways,  
So pure and true, of such displays,  
    It loves to try and prove so much.'





'The language of the land is scorned,'  
'And by this thing we are forewarned  
To love it more, and practise more,  
And never cease till on the shore.'  
Thus chimed the language of the land  
In every tongue throughout the band,  
Until the fading of the glows,  
And Frederica rung the best;  
Then of the joy and hope they sung,  
And loud the happy dwelling rung,  
Until the coming of the rest,  
And the soft stealing of repose,  
And Frederica sung the best.

Said Frederica, while alone :  
'I sung one day where streamlet flows,  
Within the wood, and at the close  
A song sprung up in wailing tone,  
But at the end to joy arose.  
Have thought of that as incidence  
Of spirit called from folly hence.  
Oh! means of winning to the ways,  
To speak the language and to praise!'

'Twas evening, and the moonlight pale  
Shed softened lustre o'er the vale,  
Where Frederic trod in airy gait,  
With easy mind, and heart elate,  
And whispered low : 'As tender glows  
And dreams all things beneath the moon,  
So o'er the heart contentment flows,  
And rests it in a happy swoon ;

As fall o'er all refreshing dews,  
The spirit in its joys renews ;  
As moisture on the leaves illumines,  
The soul in its affections blooms ;  
As music mounteth to the skies,  
The soul in aspiration flies.'  
The last had not died on the tongue  
When singing stole the leaves among,  
At such a distance as to make  
The air to undulate and shake  
More free and smooth, and gently break,  
And cause the singing to appear  
Detained, resounding, soft, and clear.  
He listened for a while restrained,  
And then he said, song still detained :  
'It is the voice I heard before  
Within the grove, but mellowed more,  
As evening and enchanting air  
Upon the voice a charm confer.'  
Then to the bower nearer still  
As if drawn irresistible,  
Until beside the leafy dell  
Just as had ceased the last sweet swell :  
'O Maiden thou whene'er the heart  
Is on some past experience fixed,  
Unto the face it will impart  
The smile with strange expression mixed,  
Involuntary and unknown ;  
So am I drawn to this retreat  
On hearing the once cherished tone,  
As if constrained, to greet, to greet.


And there is one whom to address,  
Though never introduced before,  
Another feels an inward press,  
And in the ear the feelings pour ;  
And deemeth he it no intrusion  
Upon the presence to intrude,  
Or tender in the wild effusion,  
For that the heart declares he should.’  
Said Frederica, unsurprised :  
‘ When one has got and realised  
What thing the other has devised,  
And when the introduction’s past,  
No cold displeasure comes at last,  
That one it no intrusion deems,  
And in no wild confusion seems.  
But there’s a circumstance transpires  
With one, that at the time is sealed,  
And ever after such desires  
To have the secrecy revealed ;  
And in each after incident  
Hopes to find out to it the key,  
And that it is in wisdom sent  
The hidden incidence to see.’  
Said he : ‘ who has the incidence  
Sighs while he holdeth it alone,  
And waiteth ever in suspense.  
The secret now to thee is known.  
There breathèd from the lips divine  
Through thine a new and pure intent :  
And oh ! how happily it blent  
That pure thing with the song of thine,

And turned unto the regal strain  
A spirit given to complain.'  
O Frederica ! the disclose  
Has stirred the fountain of thy heart !  
A teardrop in the moonlight glows :  
To hide emotion O depart !

Within each other's confidence,  
And lost in animated talk,  
The language of the land and sense,  
With slow and easy step they walk,  
Unnoticing, like ones in thought,  
And know not until they are caught  
By home and by its radiant light,  
And Frederic says, 'good night, good night.'

He said that night, returning home,  
'The secrecies revealed at night,  
Unto the memory that come,  
Are pure, endowed by the moonlight.  
Beneath the moon and star-set dome,  
The sweet remembrance wanders home ;  
But echo not the whisperings  
Of evil and resentful things.'

Now Frederica introduced  
To Frederic by the voice of song,  
The sweet communing is produced,  
Which by soft bonds is rendered strong.  
Oft in each other's company,  
At intervals from day to day,  
In morning, noon, and evening gay,



Traversing the delightful vale,  
And o'er the hill and o'er the dale,  
With joyful mien and step of grace,  
    Reposing in the inward seat,  
Or outward in the shady place,  
    In conversation chaste and meet,  
    And speaking in the language sweet,  
Ne'er wandering from its accents soft,  
But rising to discantings oft,  
When fancy bore their souls aloft.  
Once Frederica, with raised eyes  
    Beholding through the veil of eve :  
' The poetry of the sacred skies,  
    That the Omnipotencies weave,  
Is wafted down on spirits here,  
    Who fold themselves in it, and dress,  
Then thread it out around the sphere,  
    And deck it all in loveliness ;  
Yet never groweth it the less,  
For still it weaveth from above  
By the infinity of love.  
O the exalted heavenly treasure,  
It never fails, is without measure,  
Nor ever tire we of the pleasure.'  
Then Frederic thus :—' And wrapped about  
Complete by it, we tender out,  
The poetry with the golden dyes,  
We yield with power through voice and eyes ;  
With faculty we take supplies,  
And I to thee, and you to me,  
    And we to all with faculty ;

VILLAGE POEMS.

And faculty of soul is free ;  
And all unbound, it may delay ;  
For this we keep it in employ ;  
And to endure we still have joy.'  
And Frederica once at morn :  
    'As larks to sing desire the sky,  
And the low earth and object scorn,  
    So souls aspiring seek to fly,  
To mount above the earthly clod,  
And tune devotion unto God.'  
    'As larks sing ever as they rise,  
Until they gain the wished-for prize ;  
So spirits here should ever sing  
Until they gain the hopeful thing.'  
    'Through that one time there came a check,  
    Through upward mounting and the strain,  
That led a spirit to the track  
    Receding ever from the plain ;  
The poetry came from Heaven that way.'  
    'And through that spirit from the same,  
    With the endowment and the name,  
Descended here the poetry.'

As inmate of that home, the same  
Is Frederic now, in happy bond,  
And welcomed when he often came,  
And he of it and inmates fond ;  
In language one with them and mind,  
Sweet fellowship and intercourse  
He holds with all, of sacred source,  
And each in him all meetness find.

One evening in his own retreat,  
Just after there he had returned  
From holding consultation sweet,  
While yet the mind with ardour burned,  
He whispered in devoted tone,—  
'Tis as I said, the one alone,  
Not proud of birth, nor high of birth,  
The humble, yet exalted mind,  
With each accomplishment refined ;  
With equal and devoted mirth ;  
The voice a tuning of the heart,  
Of tone its qualities impart.'

Another he accented there  
In recitation and in song,  
Surprising the delighted air,  
Applaudings, reaching everywhere,  
Diffusing, to the vale along.

' O Frederica of the vale !  
Where purer essences exhale,  
And balm of health upon the air,  
Of which the minds and spirits share.

' Where from the breezes passing o'er  
The pureness falleth and no more,  
The sweetness is induced to stay,  
And all the rest to glide away.

' Where all attractions are for joy,  
And none for trouble and alloy,

'In spirits, air, and in the things,  
And none of each annoyance clings.  
Where voices clearer intonate,  
Are mellowed, softened, and refined,  
Where sounds more freely undulate,  
Rebound and are again combined.

'Where souls expatiate divine,  
With brighter intellect define,  
Superior sentiment dilate,  
Extending to the high and great.

'And every quality in thee,  
The pure, the lofty, and the free,  
Dost with respiring soft inhale,  
O Frederica of the vale!'

The sentiment has risen now,  
Love glorified, to altitude,  
A-breaking is the early vow,  
And bonds await to be renewed.  
The language is applied to this,  
To tie, and sweeter now the tongue,  
Used here, deals out the words of bliss,  
The chimes are true when hearts are strung.  
Now each arranged, the words employ  
To join the strong unyielding tie.  
The Brother said, 'we freely part,'  
The Mother, 'we unite the band,'  
The Father said, 'I give the hand,'  
And Frederica said, 'the heart ;'



Said Frederic then, who held the bond,  
‘I take the treasure, and restore  
The pledge and the insurance fond  
To land it safely on the shore.’

The settled bonds that eve endowed,  
And they renewed their former vows ;  
As strong the bonds, so they avowed,  
While happier then the eve endows.  
‘I look through thee unto the skies,’  
He said, ‘and keep the image here,  
And draw down all the pure supplies,  
While thee in steadiness I steer.’  
And Frederica said, ‘I keep  
Composed by still observing thee,  
And strive with you the store to heap,  
That you to lead may be more free.’  
‘I lead you to the new-made home,  
Of prospect fair, surround by green ;  
And there around we stray and roam,  
And pencil the delightful scene :  
By this we gain the sustenance,  
Until our safe departure hence.  
And as we draw the image true,  
We it apply, and each renew,  
And yours by mine, and mine by thine,  
Our image of the love divine.’

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## SIGHING.

HERE in the silence lying,  
Where gales o'er dead are sighing  
With weeping stems, and dying,  
And the heart is replying,

There comes the solemn mood,  
As if were heard the singing  
Through the calm quietude  
From spirits land, and ringing,  
And spirits, hither winging,  
Had given the touch of good.

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## SORROW.

THE sorrow of the heart is chaste,  
Not uselessness, not idle waste ;  
'Tis good at intervals to taste :  
'Tis bitter and 'tis sweet—and steals  
The sadness when the sweetness heals—  
The bitter portion ever goes,  
While sweetness stays behind and flows ;  
And still each time as it detains  
The evil wastes and good remains,  
And the hearts joys the greater grow,  
The sweet affections softer show.

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## ELEGIAC.

## I.

THIS bed arranged and bordered here,  
With verdure and the green  
Arrayed, where lies a sister dear,  
A brother's should have been.

But death relentless, still uncalled  
Retouching with his hand,  
And coming quickly ne'er appalled,  
Took him in foreign land.

Here resting, in the silent noon,  
With true humility,  
While day is in a peaceful swoon,  
The tender tribute pay.

## II.


The pensive feeling is imparted now,  
And passing spirits with the touch endow.  
O press the bosom till in happy pain  
It seeks releasement by the wailing strain ;  
Entrance the soul celestial like the day,  
And give the tone of due solemnity.  
Come softly stealing through the solemn sound  
Soft murmuring through the quietude around,

Come on the thought the sad despondence here,  
And all bedew the soul the secret tear,  
For one step ceased with the rest to tread,  
One noble spirit from the circle fled,  
Uniter of the people and the head,  
Who trod each Sabbath day the village street,  
Beneath the crown, through graveyard to the seat,  
Where from re-echoed the majestic speech,  
To lead, persuade, to elevate, to teach.  
Ah, even now while seated on this stone,  
That fringes the soft blooming bed, alone,  
A motion checks the rising thought to blame  
For rending from the mortal such a name !  
So unexpected and severe the stroke,  
And with a sudden jerk the chain was broke,  
Then came the spirits' efforts to control  
Their flutter after loosening of a soul,  
A binding soul that stayed all the rest,  
And kept them peaceful with the loving breast.

## III.

There in that elevated seat  
With loving voice he taught,  
And oft with earnestness and heat  
In truth's defence he fought.

And was the quick unlooked for call  
Received by enemy-  
As declaration of his fall,  
And loss of victory ?




Was it not thus the tongue to seal  
Lest error should upbraid,  
Then in thine absence here reveal,  
What presence but delayed ?

When in the momentary swoon,  
When just on the decline,  
Is there regret that called so soon,  
And does the soul repine ?

## IV.

Was there repining entering in the shades,  
Ere yet the light appears and dulness fades ?  
Did consciousness return in the delay  
While passing through the vale, and didst thou say :  
' The enemy will triumph, triumph there,  
And take the call a message to declare—  
Departed ere the final word was spoken,  
Before the cord was ready to be broken.'—  
Was this thy fear while advancing through ?  
And triumphed then below a mortal too ?  
But when the vision vanished from the sight,  
And on the shore thou stood in radiant light,  
And viewed around the vast extended plain,  
And saw the beaming throne, and heard the strain,  
Beheld the world forsaken far below  
In full extent through the superior glow,  
A shout of victory burst from thy tongue,  
And mingled with the symphony that sung,



While all dispellèd the regret and fear,  
' God shall conclude the whole and render clear !'

## v.

To taste, the heart experiencing,  
The substances of bliss ;  
By breathing from above to bring  
The life to this, to this.

To have the living principle,  
The substance of the love,  
Within the heart abiding still,  
And gaining from above.

To feel, to know, to relish here  
By every inward sense,  
Receive the love and give the tear,  
The real and no pretence.

To have the faculties employed  
In service to the Name ;  
The senses and the heart enjoyed,  
The feeling and the frame.

He nobly inculcated this.  
He said, of grace receive,  
And yield the choicest fruits of bliss,  
The mass would not believe.

O wonder and astonishment !  
Where is thy sense ?

We give the love that we are sent,  
They say it is pretence.

## VI.

That grace is free and to the world extends,  
Though God to each unequal portions sends ;  
That o'er the world diffused the heavenly light  
To show to work the grace, and save aright ;  
That grace constrains, and then is free the soul  
To unallow or yield to render whole ;  
That virtue is a battle never won  
Until the field is by the foot o'errun ;  
That we may have the evidence within,  
And rise above and overcome the sin,  
Yet still are subject in this valley wide,  
And ever need the grace to be applied ;  
That still susceptible to fail, delay,  
And loiter long, until we lead astray,  
And therefore must exert, and watch, and pray.  
He taught this doctrine, he encouraged, warned,  
The mass would not believe, the notion scorned.  
Though each unequal portions of the grace  
Receive to influence them in the place,  
And light to guide them to the truth and right,  
Yet all enough to lead if used aright.  
The grace is immaterial, and it draws,  
From heaven, the soul, not material laws,  
Not by the cord in Hand to it annexed,  
That may be drawn above and then relaxed ;  
But by the motion of the Active there,  
Upon the active one here brought to bear,  
That by exertion can return again,



Or the mild force and influence restrain,  
The battle was for mortals won before,  
But won that we again might win it o'er  
The Captain fought, o'ercame, and went to rest,  
But left the sword behind and armour blest,  
That we might take and use, and fight the same,  
And rise to rest victorious as the Name.  
He gained not victory till he passed through death,  
Then we gain not until we yield the breath.

The spirit is self-acting, and then free ;  
Not quite unbound it cannot active be,  
Nor life, nor energy, nor power is thine,  
Nor vital principle of the Divine.  
Its liberty lies in the power to still  
The changed volition, not to make good will,  
To check the strivings when they come in course,  
Not draw the loving feelings from the source.  
And its endurance in the righteous cause  
Is guided by the same and equal laws :  
God by dispensing ever still ensures,  
And he by exercising still endures ;  
God by sustaining the regard and thought,  
He by submitting ever to be wrought,  
By imitating still the exercise  
He sees continual urgèd in the skies,  
To intercede, aspire, desire, and praise,  
And these to cultivate throughout the days.  
And free he standeth ever to submit  
The trust to right or to the wrong commit.  
But mark the means appointed to induce  
*To perseverance and the work produce :*

The adding act of right to act of right  
Brings growth of ease and increase of delight,  
Adds strength to strength and to enduring might.  
Virtue is power, the energy of man,  
A work created from Creator's plan.  
Submitting to be acted in the Hand,  
Applies he to himself the goodness planned,  
The faculties are brought to right within,  
And then goes on the struggle against sin ;  
Re-modeled then the purpose and the thought,  
True meekness and humility are taught,  
The tongue is guarded, and it speaks no ill,  
And to revilings is forbearing still ;  
The conversation is redeemed from waste,  
The mind and disposition rendered chaste.  
In him all righteous qualities abound,  
That in the sinless Monitor are found,  
In conflict with the error and the wrong,  
And in each effort he is made more strong.

Are these the works and qualities of man ?  
They are his own re-modelled from the Plan,  
His own obeyings of divine command,  
Exertings in the exercising Hand.

By trust in the Preceptor we are saved,  
By trust in what he wrought and what he braved ;  
But while in all his merits we confide,  
His goodness unto us we have applied,  
Within his motive is imparted there,  
And of the nature and the mind we share.

We're saved by trust alone, but trust is faith,  
And faith's allied to works the wisdom saith!

The confidence reposing in the Name,  
Exerted are the feeling and the frame :  
We cannot trust without each power employed,  
And all the being and the heart enjoyed.  
Yet 'tis nor power nor energy that braves,  
But Christ, through all these instruments, that saves.  
Is it not easy to be understood ?  
From heaven through these flows all the grace of good.  
' Ye trust to self,' they say, ' not to the plan.'  
Ah! senselessness and shallowness of man!

## VII.

These principles our pastor taught,  
And practised in the heart,  
These that reform the word and thought,  
And inward good impart.

They were by one exemplified  
Who here awhile sojourned,  
And taught, then near the village died,  
And to the rest returned.

His grave among the children's here—  
A laurel at the head,  
For ever green and never sere,  
Emblems the spirit fled.

## VIII.

A meek demeanour and an humble mien,  
True tokens of benevolence unseen,  
Revealing real humility of mind,  
With every quality of good combined,  
All exercised continually and stirred  
By the revering and the gracious word.  
The conversation to the theme applied,  
The inward principles exemplified ;  
'Twas of the chaste and edifying kind,  
With all the true benevolence refined ;  
Not of the kind that's spoken of the skies  
We listen to with shame and with surprise,  
Not mingled with the admonition much,  
And whinings for man's foolishness, and such,  
But of that kind that all would most revere,  
And would desire it more and more to hear,  
Of that peculiar sort that edifies,  
The sacred conversation of the skies ;  
Nor did he seek regard from eyes around,  
Yet veneration from the listeners found ;  
He left no spaces in the time devoid,  
No moments unto goodness unemployed.  
He seldom wept, flowed from his lips no jest,  
Which is of inward steadiness a test.  
The real symptom of effectual grace  
Is shown by the stability of face.  
The truest sign is not the gushing tear.  
Be not o'ercome with joy nor sunk with fear.

Who has the even placidness within  
Has greatest power to triumph over sin.  
And this is one who trusted in the grace,  
And characterized the goodness in the place,  
Who by the Hand submitted to be wrought,  
Exemplifying what our pastor taught,  
Submissiveness, to have the spirit mild,  
To rest confiding as the lowly child.

And there is also one reposing here  
Our pastor visited, and did endear,  
While lying lingering on affliction's bed,  
Conversing with him much, and once he said,  
' Still think of something that the Friend has done,  
Think of the victory He obtained and won.'  
He said himself in health, 'the mortal strife  
No greater is than spirits in the life,  
Is not more powerful than the fight within  
Against the evil and against the sin.'  
And he was sorely tried in various ways,  
But showed no waverings and no delays.  
With the blest Armour, and the Sword, and Shield,  
And trusting in the Arm his arm to wield,  
He persevered in battle until death,  
And only triumphed with the yielding breath.

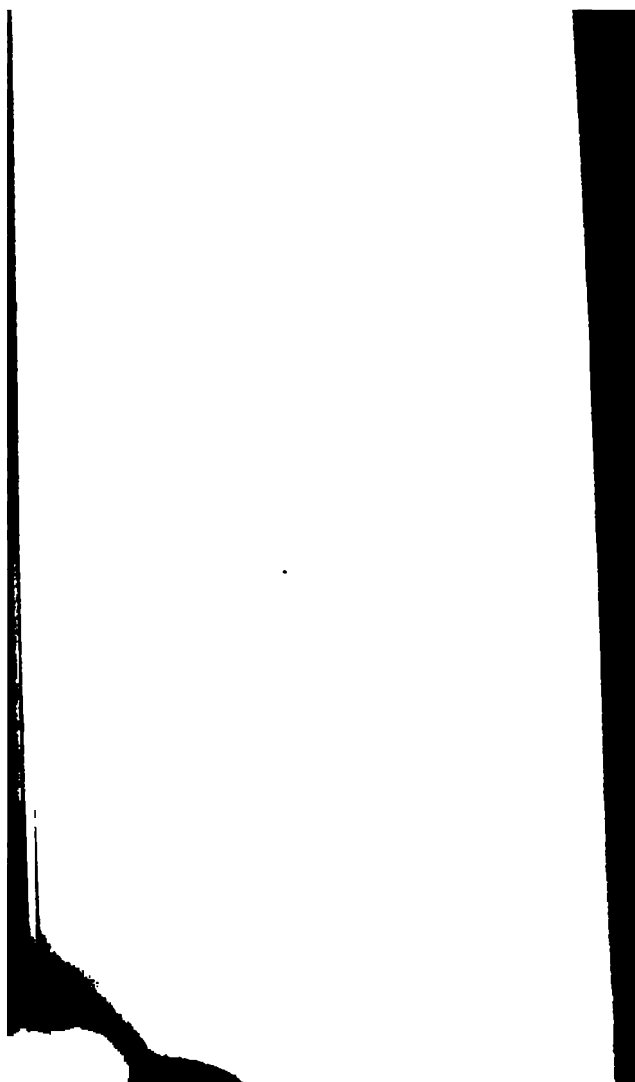
Returning to the bed, neat fringed and dressed,  
Remembrance brings a thought that he expressed,  
Our pastor, in that elevated seat.  
The vehemence with which he spoke, the heat,

The tone of voice, the gesture, and the air,  
Shall long remain impressed on memory there.  
"O what is faith?" he said, 'a victory !'  
A victory, a triumph, a display !  
A spirit's efforts to regain the skies '  
While on the Arm extended he relies !  
A victory, a victory deferred  
Till by the Captain on the shore declared,  
Where then the victors lay the weapons down,  
And take the palm, the glory, and the crown !  
And in thy landing now upon the shore,  
Where, hidden, we shall see thy face no more,  
It is not triumph to the enemy,  
But victory, but victory to thee !









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